CROWN
Sora TF, TG, AR, Twinning, Some Weight Loss
Petty Fights Between Omnipotent Beings
LOTS OF SPIKY-HAIRED NERDS TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY, MORE NEWS AT 11!

Once upon a time, in a far-away dimension, there were two gods. Their names were Dialuka and Paluqia. They existed since the dawn of time and space, and would always exist. Their purpose was to create and govern the world below- the world called Earth.

They also hated each other's guts.

It started simple, really. Dialuka would create a cool thing- maybe some kind of goddamn telepathic monkey. Then, Paluqia would sneak up and strip it of its powers, then give it a spoon for a nose just for the hell of it. Maybe Paluqia would favor a nation. Dialuka hated that, and so allowed some smaller nation to gain power just to conquer it. Their petty battles ravaged the world below them, and they showed no sign of stopping.

One day, the two of them discovered a thing the humans liked called a "Super Crown". Apparently, it could turn whoever or whatever wore it into a princess. Dialuka laughed at the princess-mania and then went on his merry way to make sure some more garbage ended up in one of Paluqia's beloved oceans. But Paluqia thought about it more. Why would humans want such things? He knew that human men were obsessed with women, but this was new to him.

So Paluqia decided to grant humanity a gift. The craze seemed to be heaviest in the United States, so he decided to target one of their enemies- Russia. He plotted a heavy rainfall for the area, but not just any kind of rainfall. It would rain Super Crowns. Everyone in Russia would become a delicate princess. The humans seemed to want that, so why not?

There was one issue. Dialuka loved Russia. Perhaps he loved it too much. That's why he gave it such harsh winters- so no-one could take it. Paluqia had to keep this a secret from his brother.

But amongst gods, there are no such things as secrets.

Dialuka found Paluqia's notes lying around on one of his many, many trips to clean his brother's room (and maybe steal an unfinished project or hide a package of snacks). Paluqia was unbearably messy, which drove Dialuka insane. Whenever this was brought up, Paluqia would insist that Dialuka was just as bad for making the humans litter so much, but Dialuka said that wasn't the same thing. They would argue on and on until one or both became exhausted, then it was back to business as usual.

The notes to the project were on Paluqia's bed, under his pillow. As Dialuka changed the sheets, he found them rather easily. The more he read of the secret plot, the more he became enraged. How dare his brother do this to his beloved nation? Dialuka plotted some kind of payback, and came up with a brilliant idea. If Palquia loved the Americans so much, then they would get a rain of their own! Ha! Ha!

But what kind of rain? Dialuka thought and thought. Then he came to a conclusion. He would use crowns, too. Recalling his brother once complained about a specific human creation, Dialuka fashioned millions of spiky golden crowns. He loaded them into a massive rain cloud, which he sent straight for the United States. Unbeknownst to him, the Super Crown rain was already headed for Russia.

Meanwhile, people in the world below got out of bed and headed to work, unaware of what kind of hell was headed their way.

One of those people in the world below was named Lance, who lived in Washington DC. He was twenty-two, with short blond hair and narrow green eyes. He was a little on the chubby side with round glasses. One could say "Gee, he looks like such a nerd", and they would be right. After all, he was trying to wrap up his degree in computer science.

Lance's day started like any other. He woke up at around six o'clock, brushed his teeth, showered, grabbed his glasses and wolfed down a bowl of cereal. When this was done, he prepared to rush out of his tiny studio apartment so he could make his first class in the community college on the other side of town. By the time he got ready for his day, however, an hour passed. It was seven.

The first crown fell.

Lance stepped out of his apartment just in time to see a spiky, golden object tumble down towards a dark-haired mother and her daughter walking to school. The daughter appeared to be about twelve years old. It was moving fast, and headed for the girl. Afraid of the girl getting hurt by the spikes, Lance cried, "Look out!"

Lance's cry alerted both mother and daughter. The mother pushed her daughter out of the way of the object, which suddenly turned itself around and landed on her head. Now that it was no longer falling, Lance could see it was a crown. The mother tried to take the object off of her head, but it seemed to be glued to her.

What happened next was rather odd. Her pale skin gained a tan and lost its pores, looking more like a computer-generated character's than a human's. Lance

gasped and the daughter screamed as her mother's hair spiked out wildly in all directions, becoming a light brown in the process. She looked at her child with bright blue eyes. Though her eyelashes remained feminine, the rest of her face had more masculine features, which caused her daughter to panic even more.

The girl fished her cell phone out of her pocketbook to call for help, only for a second crown to fall out of the sky and hit her. Her mother howled in defeat, her voice cracking a bit as she did so. The girl reached up, felt the crown on her head, and gasped in surprise as she began to shrink down. She gained the same new features as her mother, but her hair was less spiky, her facial features softer. The girl knelt down by her mother and embraced her awkwardly.

The whole while, Lance couldn't do anything but watch. He could barely process what he was seeing. He was a logical man, and this was anything but logical. The mother gained a crown pendant on a chain in a flash of silver before their clothing began to morph.

In the case of the mother, her skirt bloomed into a pair of baggy shorts, which fused with her blouse. The new garment became a bright red. A zipper appeared on its front to open and close it. Her heavy winter coat shrunk down, losing length and becoming a tiny hooded jacket. The modest, flat shoes she had went from brown to bright yellow, ballooning out almost comically into something a clown might wear. Random accessories appeared from nowhere- gloves here, a belt there. Lance could see an Adam's apple form in her throat as she let out a now-masculine groan, and he knew she was now- somehow- a he.

The daughter seemed to be going down the same track into masculinity, but her changes were subtler. The most dramatic changes were in her size. Down she shrank, like Alice in Wonderland. However, she stopped at around three feet, instead of disappearing entirely. Her clothes became baggy around her, and she was practically swimming in them, but she did not let go of her mother.

Her clothing wasn't baggy for long. It quickly readjusted to her body before going through its own metamorphosis. The pink dress she wore tore itself in the middle with a ripping sound. The remaining scraps of fabric around her legs became a pair of brown shorts. Meanwhile, the top of the "dress" lost its frills, becoming something plainer than the complex outfit her mother wore. When it stopped changing, it was a simple white t-shirt with blue accents. Her shoes became sandals in an instant, the top of the shoe receding away.

The whole time, Lance stood there, mouth open like some gaping fish. The pair before him looked at each other and blinked. They were now a teen boy and a younger boy around the age of four. They looked like they could be brothers. The teenager picked up the littler boy and held him close, then raced down the street as if nothing happened. The only signs that they had been anything else were the daughter's discarded phone and backpack.

Another crown tumbled out of the sky, hitting the spot where they were standing. Then another. Screaming began to fill the air from further down the street. Lance's phone- along with the daughter's- began to blare with a loud siren. Lance ignored the phone lying on the street and checked his own. Staring back at him was a red triangle with an exclamation mark, along with a text message.

“This is a Presidential Alert. There is a nationwide emergency. Objects of unknown origin are falling out of the sky. They appear to trigger some kind of metamorphosis of an unknown nature. We do not know if there is any connection to the similar events occurring in Russia, or who is behind this. Do not attempt to touch or examine any of the unidentified objects. We are attempting to quarantine any and all transformed subjects. Please remain in your homes for your own safety.”

Lance read the text again, then looked up at the sky. More crowns were falling, like rain in a heavy rainstorm. Despite how spiky they were, they all seemed to turn upright before hitting the ground. Lance was fortunate enough to be standing below an awning, but a crown hit it, bounced off and struck the earth a few inches away from him. This made him freak out and retreat to the safety of his tiny apartment, just like the text said.

For once, the government had a very good idea.

There was nothing to do in the apartment but surf the Internet and watch television on his laptop.

The transformations were all over the news via cell phone videos people submitted to the station- an old guy changing here, a bunch of teenage girls changing there. All of them seemed to become a variation of the same person, who would afterwards run off as if nothing happened. Lance noticed one or two of them would pick up a fallen crown before leaving the area or even- in one case- walking towards the person filming, who began to scream before their cell phone apparently fell to the floor.

Most of the other stations were merely static. Lance found this bizarre. Didn’t computers control them now? Maybe there was no-one to control the computers. He decided to check the Internet and maybe find some memes there. It would perhaps take his mind off of the hell-scape the world was slowly becoming.

The Internet wasn’t much better. Every page featured a giant red banner, warning people to stay indoors and away from the infected. Sighing, Lance scrolled through the Web anyway, searching for memes to add to the collection saved on his hard drive. Lance eventually stumbled upon a meme which had Disney princesses on one side of it and- he couldn’t help but gasp- the template that all of these people were becoming.

Curiously, Lance tried to save the file, trying to see if its name held any hints. It checked out okay with his virus scanner (can’t be too careful), so he saved it. It was apparently named “sora-is-a-disney-princess-lol.png”. He tilted his head.

“Sora, huh?” he muttered to himself. “Is that what all these people are turning into?”

Before Lance could do anything else, his Internet connection suddenly died. The lights in his apartment soon followed, leaving the ghostly glow from his laptop as the only light source. Lance jumped in shock at first, then groaned. The power was out, and- with circumstances as they were- who knew when it would come back on? His phone began to vibrate and beep. Lance swore that- if it could- it would probably be hopping about like a Mexican jumping bean.

Lance grabbed the phone and opened it up to find a new alert, similar to the first, but far more concerning.

"This is a Presidential Alert. There is a nationwide emergency. The transformed subjects have escaped quarantine in Washington DC. The unidentified objects have not stopped falling. We estimate that about seventy-five percent of the population has been transformed, and most of the people remaining are without power. Do not attempt contact with the infected. They possess supernatural powers of unknown degrees. We have sent out various teams of first-responders and other professionals to retrieve you. These people will take you to a safe point in Washington DC, which is currently under quarantine. Please remain indoors until then, and follow all instructions from professionals."

Lance's heart began to beat wildly in his chest. Seventy-five percent of America? How could that be? What time was it? Checking his phone, he discovered it was only eleven. It had only taken four hours to send one of the world's most powerful nations into a panic and deplete its population by three-fourths. How was that possible? Weren't most people inside- away from the rain- due to work or following the instructions of the first alert? What in the world was happening?

Lance couldn't help but curl into a ball. He was still there when he heard a light knock. For a while, he didn't move. It was probably a first responder trying to take him to the capital, but it was getting hard to breathe from the fear and he was rather dizzy. It was just someone from the government, he told himself. Just a first responder, like the text said. Right.

The lock on the door suddenly clicked open, and Lance knew in that instant that he was wrong.

The door opened. Lance heard footsteps, but didn't look up to see who they belonged to. He then heard another set of lighter, probably tinier footsteps. He didn't dare to move, even when a boyish voice called out, "Are you alright?"

Lance felt the sudden chill one gets when another person appears behind them. "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God," he muttered to himself.

"Wait. Let me explain what's going on, at least," the first voice said.

Lance heard a soft, "M'kay," and only then did he dare to turn around. Sure enough, there were two of the infected. One appeared to be in his mid-teens, wearing some black outfit with so many straps, pouches and zippers that Lance had no hope of counting them all. The other was just like the child he saw get converted earlier in the day. This little one held a crown in his arms, but the object was clearly heavy and hard for him to hold.

"How did you get in here?" Lance blubbered.

The teen boy flicked his wrist, causing a shining key to appear. It was a rather large key- about the length of a sword- with a keychain of Mickey Mouse's head dangling off of it. "This is a Keyblade," he explained. "It can open any lock. That's how we got in."

So that explained how the infection spread so fast. The infected must have used those Keyblades to go anywhere they wanted. That was how they escaped from Washington, and also how they managed to reach the vast majority of the country when

they were indoors. The texts warned people not to leave their houses, but that was not the best course of action after all. It just left them trapped like rats.

"What do you want?" Lance asked, even though he knew damn well what they wanted. He was just trying to stall for time.

"We're trying to help you," the older of the two explained. "My name is Sora. This little one is also Sora. I guess we're all Sora, now. Something happened over in Russia, and we're the only ones who can stop it."

Lance vaguely remembered the first alert mentioning Russia. "Wha-" he babbled, unable to form words.

The smaller Sora looked at him with big, sad eyes that would have made one squeal and hug him under any other circumstances. "The crowns fell in Russia, too," he said. "Different crowns. Girly crowns."

"So?" Lance managed to squeak.

"If that cloud comes here, then everyone left will just get infected by those crowns," the older Sora explained. "See, most of the people those crowns hit just get turned into princesses. But there's a small- but still dangerous- portion of 'em that make also people grow horns and tough shells. They can breathe fire. They can resist most human-made weapons. They call themselves 'Bowsettes', and they have their eyes set on taking over the rest of the world."

"How do you know that?" Lance gasped, his voice slowly returning to him.

"We once worked with the government, so we know all about Russia," the older Sora explained. "We were tracking the situation there, but then, well, stuff happened here. The guys we locked up broke out and changed all of us. I still have memories of who I was, but they don't matter as much to me as much as the memories that came with this form. Point is, we're the only ones who can fight against the Bowsettes and save the world."

"So please," the smaller Sora said, stepping forward with the crown still in his arms. "Help us."

Lance got a second wind as the smaller Sora began to walk towards him. He jumped up, grabbed the nearest object- which happened to be a pillow- and chucked it at the smaller Sora. The child fell to the floor and began to cry.

"How dare you?" the older Sora cried.

Lance stumbled around, searching for another pillow or some other weapon he could use to keep the two at bay. Before he could find anything, the older Sora leapt forward, Keyblade in hand, and pushed Lance to the ground with ease. Lance gasped in terror, finding himself unable to move. The littler Sora, meanwhile, recovered enough to get up and toddle towards him.

"I'm sorry I hit you," the older Sora said with real sincerity. "But I can't let you get away with hitting my friend. Not while he's so small, anyway."

Lance remained frozen as the younger Sora finally reached him and placed the crown on his head. This was it. Game over. A tingly wave spread across Lance's body as the changes began.

The mental assault began rapidly. New memories flooded his mind. They didn't flush out his old memories, but they did warp his personality. He remembered- vaguely, but warmly- a man creating him, a man calling him his "son". After that, his entire brain

was flooded with a child's nightmare- Disney movies interspersed with darkness. He held his head and screamed. The younger Sora sympathetically held Lance's hand.

Or was he even still Lance? These memories- he felt they were taken before. Now, they were coming back. He couldn't let them go again.

As soon as he accepted this, Lance's body lost weight and a bit of height. He was stronger now- even if he didn't look it- but more lithe instead of muscular. His glasses slipped off his face and fell to the floor with a crack as his entire face restructured itself- nose slimming, eyes turning blue with long lashes. He let out a groan and clenched the littler Sora's hand tighter as his hair grew dark brown and spiky.

The former government agent watched with interest as a silver crown pendant appeared around Lance's neck. His skin lost all visible pores and blemishes, becoming a single sheet of computer-generated flesh. His clothes were next to go, with his socks growing, splitting and hardening into black and white shoes. These were somewhat outlandish, but not as clownish as some of the others he saw.

No. Not as clownish as some of the others *Lance* saw. Lance was now a different person. Lance his old self. Now, he was being reborn.

His pants swelled with stuffing, fusing with his shirt to form a one-piece outfit. The whole thing turned black in color as a belt magically appeared around his waist. Black gloves showed up around his hands, going nearly to his elbow but leaving the palms exposed. He guessed they were made of some kind of leather. The littler Sora let go to allow them to form, then held his hand again. He was thankful for the little guy. His presence was making the changes more bearable.

A string of red and black floated around him, then stitched itself together quickly, forming a short jacket with a red hood. He saw a flash of light that nearly blinded him. It was only for a second, but he knew- almost by instinct- that he had the Keyblade now.

The newly reborn Sora stood up and looked around the familiar, yet unfamiliar space. He looked over at his black-clad twin- the one who started it all.

"Have you changed your mind?" the black-wearing Sora asked.

The newest Sora nodded. "I'll help," he said, a new fire for justice burning in his heart. "But who was that man who called me 'son'?"

"You saw him too?" the littlest Sora asked.

"We don't know who he is," the former government agent said. "But we're going to find him. We're going to protect him. We are not going to crown him. The people in this building, on the other hand, well..."

His voice trailed off, but Sora knew what he meant. Everyone in the building- no, the country- had to be converted. Sora would gladly help. It was for the sake of the world, after all. then, perhaps, he'd get to meet this mysterious person.

He wanted to tell him "Thank you. For everything."

Dialuka and Paluqia stood- heads hung in shame- before their father- the Elder God. The Elder God hadn't been this pissed at them since Paluqia killed off the dinosaurs Dialuka held dear.

"Do you know what you've done wrong, you fools?" the Elder God boomed.

Of course they did. Shortly after the United States became entirely composed of Soras, they set out to stop the Bowsettes from taking over the planet. While the Bowsettes converted China, a mysterious instinct lead the Soras to Japan, which they successfully converted. There was only one survivor- one man they could not bring themselves to convert- who they would all protect with their lives. They called him “Father”, and would do anything to keep him safe.

A few months later, the Bowsettes arrived in Japan, which kicked off an epic battle that nearly sunk the island nation. In the end, the Soras managed to win by a hair, and drove off the Bowsettes. The Soras could not find it in their hearts to harm any normal princesses they left behind, but they could not remove their crowns. Thus, they remained princesses, their previous identities gone for good.

The damage done to the United States, Russia, China and Japan was immense, and effected the economies of other countries. Europe was already planning to destroy everyone wearing a crown, sending their armies eastward. But by now, winter was here, and Dialuka ensured that Russia had such “lovely” winters. The armies of Europe would soon find that out, as they had many times before throughout history.

This was the horrible state of the planet Earth. Humanity was facing its end. The cause, of course, was two foolish gods with the minds of children, who used their great power simply to get back at each other. Now, they answered to their father and creator, like two toddlers caught arguing over the last cookie.

“Yes, Father,” they said in unison.

What else was there to say?